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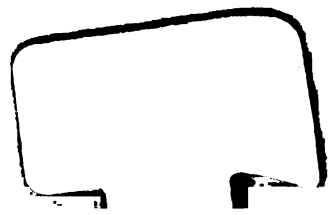

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

WILLIAM H. COLE

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM MARYLAND),

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1887.

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JOINT RESOLUTION providing for printing eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Abraham Dowdney, John Arnot, jr., Lewis Beach, William T. Price, William H. Cole, and Austin F. Pike.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed, of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Abraham Dowdney, John Arnot, jr., and Lewis Beach, late Representatives in the Forty-ninth Congress from the State of New York, and William T. Price, late a Representative from the State of Wisconsin, and William H. Cole, late a Representative from the State of Maryland, twelve thousand five hundred copies each, of which three thousand copies of each shall be for the use of the Senate and nine thousand five hundred each for the use of the House of Representatives.

SEC. 2. That there be also printed, of the eulogies delivered in Congress upon the late Austin F. Pike, a Senator from New Hampshire, twelve thousand copies, of which four thousand copies shall be for the use of the Senate and eight thousand copies for the use of the House of Representatives.

SEC. 3. That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to have printed portraits of the said Abraham Dowdney, John Arnot, jr., Lewis Beach, William T. Price, William H. Cole, and Austin F. Pike, to accompany said eulogies, and for the purpose of engraving and printing said portraits the sum of three thousand dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved, March 3, 1887.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

DEATH OF WILLIAM H. COLE.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

July 8, 1886.

Mr. COMPTON. Mr. Speaker, it becomes my painful duty to announce to the House the death of my late colleague, Dr. WILLIAM H. COLE, of Maryland, who died this morning at his lodgings in this city at half past 7 o'clock. At some future time I shall ask the House to pay proper tribute to the memory of the deceased; and now offer for immediate adoption the resolutions I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, late a Representative from the State of Maryland.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That a select joint committee, consisting of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral, and to escort the remains of the deceased to their place of burial; and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying out the provisions of this resolution.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

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Resolved, As a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased that the House do now adjourn.

The resolutions were agreed to.

The SPEAKER announced the committee to accompany the remains of the late Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE to Baltimore, as follows: Mr. COMPTON, Mr. GIBSON of Maryland, Mr. MCCOMAS, Mr. DIBBLE, Mr. IRION, Mr. WADE, and Mr. STONE of Kentucky.

The announcement of the vote was then made; and the House accordingly adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 28, 1887.

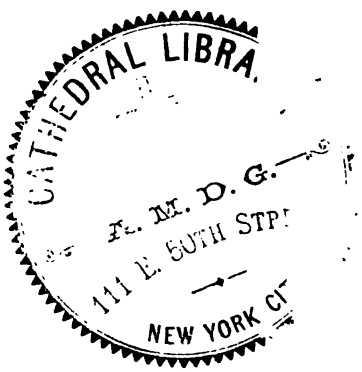
Mr. COMPTON. Mr. Speaker, I offer the resolutions I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the business of this House be suspended that proper honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, late a Representative in Congress from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. COLE the country has sustained the loss of a patriotic citizen and a most faithful public servant.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate.



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ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF WILLIAM H. COLE.

DELIVERED IN THE TWO HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

Address of Mr. COMPTON, of Maryland.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is meet and right that we should pause and desist from the performance of the regular routine of duties here long enough to ponder the lesson of warning to be learned at the grave of a dead brother. The exacting demands of modern busy life are such that we all run the risk of losing sight of the momentous consideration that life is but an atom in the wastes of time, while the future, after life, is an endless and inevitable certainty. I have no elaborate eulogy to deliver upon my late colleague, to whose memory we are devoting the present hour. No thoughts couched in "measured phrase" or words set "in metrical array"; naught we can say, can help or harm him. It is vain to attempt to lift the veil or to explore "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." He is beyond the reach of the concerns of time or space; he cannot hear our lamentations, however loud, or our wailings, however plaintive; he is at rest in the bosom of his God.

The life of WILLIAM H. COLE was a busy and not uneventful one; his death untimely and more than ordinarily sad. In the outset of his manhood he seemed to lack fixed-

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ness of purpose, though this was not characteristic of him. He devoted himself first to the study and practice of the law, and soon thereafter to that of the medical profession. Soon the blast of war was sounded in the land. He promptly decided for himself in conformity with his principles and his sympathies, and leaving the State of his birth, he crossed the broad waters of the Potomac and ranged himself under the Confederate flag. He remained on that side of the lines of battle until the drums had ceased to throb and the flag was furled. In the discharge of his duty in the line of his profession he ministered faithfully to the sufferings of the sick, wounded, and dying as faithfully and steadily with the red glare of battle around him as in the quiet wards of the secluded hospital. When peace was proclaimed he sought a residence in the great State of Texas, and there for the first time associated himself with the press.

Returning to the State of Maryland, he resumed his residence in the city of Baltimore, the place of his nativity, and, becoming associated with the Democratic press of that city, devoted his best energies to the duties of his calling through the remainder of his life to the date of his election to a seat in this House. He came here well equipped for a place upon this floor; having held the position for more than one term as reading clerk in the city council, and for five successive sessions as reading clerk of the house of delegates of Maryland, he was made familiar with the routine of legislative business and the rules of order governing legislative bodies. While not to be ranked as among the great men of his day, and not endowed with exceptional powers of intellectual vigor, he had a well-balanced and well-stored mind. He possessed in a pre-eminent degree those two traits which tend the one to win friends and the other to win success, unselfish kindness of heart and indomitable energy.

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Few men attached more closely to them their intimate associates, the people among whom they move, than did Dr. COLE. Seldom has a more signal triumph been won than that achieved by him through his own personal efforts which made him the nominee of his party for a seat in Congress. This was the acme of his ambition. He won it worthily and prized it highly, and no man ever exerted himself more diligently in the discharge of every duty and obligation imposed by the position. The paralyzing influences of a mortal malady bore heavily upon him almost from the day of his election. His unyielding will alone sustained him, but this was sufficient until the final collapse. No call of duty was too insignificant, no claim upon his time and attention too exacting, and no constituent too humble to receive his careful and impartial consideration.

Called myself perhaps as frequently as any one of the three hundred and twenty-five members composing this body to visit, in my official capacity, the various Departments of the Government, I seldom failed to meet my colleague, and more than once I have abandoned the mission I was on that I might tempt him to rest and recreation, which he seemed to need so badly.

Perhaps, sir, no more striking illustration of unselfish devotion to duty was ever displayed in this Hall than when he, feeble and faint, tottered to his seat that he might record his vote for the proposition when first made by the distinguished gentleman from Illinois, Mr. MORRISON, for consideration of the bill for tariff reform. Few could have endured as much. None could have risked more than he did upon this occasion. It was the last vote he ever cast. This occurred on the 17th of June ; on the 8th of July he breathed his last. The immense concourse which gathered at his funeral and the solemnity which pervaded the subdued

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throng attested unmistakably the esteem in which he was held at home and the sincere regret felt by a grateful constituency at the loss of so faithful a representative.

When he died the State lost a worthy and valuable citizen, his party an intelligent and ardent adherent, his neighbors a generous and steadfast friend, his bereaved wife a kind, considerate, and devoted husband.

Address of Mr. JOHNSTON, of North Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: My acquaintance with Dr. COLE dates from the opening of the Forty-ninth Congress, when we were as signed to adjoining seats in this House and appointed by the Speaker to a membership of the same committee.

The social and business intercourse which these two circumstances occasioned soon grew into a friendship which I shall always cherish as one of the many pleasant and agreeable episodes in my Congressional life.

The warm and genial temperament of Dr. COLE, his confiding nature, and the generous impulses of his heart soon won my sincere admiration and esteem.

Every soldier knows how thorough and unaffected is the sympathy, and how deep and ardent becomes the friendship, which the joint participation in a common danger or hardship begets. And every one on either side of the late struggle can testify to the immediate ripening into the sincerest friendship of the slightest acquaintance, even between strangers, which the discovery of this fact always produces.

It was not long after we met in this Hall that I learned from Dr. COLE that he had cast his lot with my people, and shared with them their sufferings in the dark period of their history, when they were heroically enduring the many pri-

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vations and hardships incident to the great and unfortunate war in which our country was involved.

These facts, sir, in the former history of our deceased colleague, whose death we now mourn and whose virtues we now commemorate, became the common bond that served to warm our social and business relations with each other into close intimacy.

Dr. COLE was permitted to occupy his seat in this body for a few months only. It was but shortly after the organization of the House that the germs of the insidious disease which caused his death began to develop, and soon he was unable to be with us in the discharge of his public duties; but as long as he had strength to take part in the deliberations of this Congress, I bear testimony that his every act seemed to be inspired by a patriotic zeal for the welfare of our common country and a sincere desire to do his full duty and prove himself worthy of the great trust reposed in him by his constituents.

The highest encomium that can be pronounced upon any man is to testify to his fidelity to duty. This I do for my departed friend, and I therefore deem it unnecessary for me to say more on this occasion.

The history of his life, his patriotism, his virtues will be fitly eulogized by those who have known him longest and best.

I offer these reflections as a sincere personal tribute to the worth and character of our lamented colleague, whose public career was so soon cut short by the great Reaper who has garnered so many of our number in the past two years and before whose unerring sickle we must all sooner or later fall.

When he comes to us may we each be prepared to leave behind us a record as pure and unsullied as that of W. H. COLE.

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Address of Mr. DIBBLE, of South Carolina.

Mr. SPEAKER: While grief is the tribute of affection to the memory of the departed, awe and reverence are the acknowledgment of that mysterious after-land to which death is the portal. It is this intuition of our immortality that clothes an occasion like the present with impressive solemnity, and compels us to reflect that the path of human life, glorious or inglorious, leads but to the grave, whence begins, for each disembodied spirit, its own eternity.

In the contemplation of our existence on earth under these conditions, how insignificant are worldly matters and incidents in comparison with man's hereafter. It is well for us, therefore, to pause amid business transactions, amid affairs of state, great or little, amid the contentions of faction and party in these legislative halls, and to spend a season in considering life's uncertainty and the certainty of death; for the marble walls which environ us are ineffective ramparts against the assault of our last enemy; these guarded doors, with their double sentinels, do not avail to exclude the grim visitor who claims the privileges of the floor at his own option, despite our rules. Silently and resistlessly he enters and marks his victim, and the strong mind ceases to evolve its logic, the ready disputant no longer joins in high debate, the brilliant orator no more converts the tumult of the House into attentive admiration; but we behold the vacant chair, and the desk draped in mourning, and our country's work is for a time laid aside, while we acknowledge the presence of death.

So came the summons to our comrade and friend, WILLIAM H. COLE, on the 8th day of July last. Elected by the suffrages of an appreciative constituency to represent upon this floor the interests of an important community, and, with his

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colleagues, to speak the voice of the grand old State of Maryland; in the very prime of his years; serving for his first term as a Representative of the people in Congress, and yet gaining rapidly, by his genial manners, his close attention to public duty, and his assiduous study of the questions arising in legislation, the influence of a veteran member, there opened before him the prospect of a long and honorable career in this field of political life.

Such was the anticipation of his friends here and at home; such, no doubt, were the laudable aspirations of his own heart; such were the hopes of a fond mother and a loving wife. And yet, an inscrutable decree of Providence decided otherwise; and it was my sad privilege, Mr. Speaker, to stand beside his bier, and behold his mortal remains consigned to the dust, in the consecrated soil of the cemetery near by his native city of Baltimore. And I will never forget the peculiar sadness which pervaded the immense throng of his fellow citizens who attended his body to the tomb. It was no formal mummery of woe, but the real, earnest manifestation of a people's sorrow at his death, and of sympathy with the disconsolate wife mourning the loss of him she so much loved.

And it is with appropriate respect, Mr. Speaker, that I speak here of the touching incident which attended upon the funeral of our departed friend. His aged mother, to whom her son was the fond pride of her heart, and in whose bosom welled up that unquenchable spring of affection—a mother's love—refused to be comforted. With tottering frame, feeble with age, and racked with the sorrow of this bereavement, she took her last look upon the lifeless body of her son, ere we bore it away from home for burial, and it was her last look also at things of earth; for we had not returned from the sad offices of the interment ere that bereaved mother had ceased to be, dying of a broken heart.

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When we contemplate an occurrence like this, Mr. Speaker, how inadequate we feel to the duty of fitly speaking of the virtues of the departed. We saw his nature in its outer crust, and can but give a superficial cast, like the mold taken by the sculptor after death. But in the crushed spirit of that mother there is a eulogy of that devoted son which dwells not in words of friends, however fitly spoken. She mourned him most who knew him best.

And in this comparison the thought is suggested, how often we miscalculate in estimating our fellows. We would look at one's external career, in the world's bustle and turmoil, and yet fail to know or read the character which shows its choicest, noblest traits in the pure atmosphere of home. Which is the higher sphere of life—the public hall, or the hearthstone? Where are the noblest traits of humanity developed—in public, or in private? And in this utilitarian age do we not err in placing those practical successes which we call "progress" above the three great ennobling virtues of mankind—faith, hope, and charity? And how should we rightly measure ourselves and our achievements in this comparison? Let the poet apply the fit expressions to characterize our daily labors:

A good, that never satisfies the mind,
A beauty, fading like the April flowers,
A sweet, with floods of gall that runs combined,
A pleasure, passing ere in thought made ours,
An honor, that more fickle is than wind,
A glory, at opinion's frown that lowers,
A treasury, which bankrupt time devours,
A knowledge, than grave ignorance more blind,
A vain delight our equals to command,
A style of greatness—in effect, a dream,
A swelling thought of holding sea and land,
A servile lot, decked with a pompous name,
Are the strange ends we toil for here below,
Till wisest death make us our errors know.

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And yet, by a strange paradox, out of this insignificant life of ours are evolved two immortalities. The one, an eternity of future existence in the transmigration of the soul, not from animal to animal, according to the fancy of Pythagoras, but, as we read in Holy Writ, from the natural or terrestrial to the spiritual and celestial. Upon this has the soul of our fellow member entered, and, we trust, to realize the bliss eternal.

The other immortality is found in the imperishable products of man, which he leaves as a legacy to those who survive him, whether treasured in memory and perpetuated by tradition or fixed in monuments of genius; whether it be his own creations, committed to written or printed pages, or the recital of his life work by historian, poet, or eulogist. It is this latter kind of immortality of which Horace writes, when, Epicurean as he was, he refers to his poems as follows:

"Non omnis morior; multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam!" "I shall not entirely die; the better part of me shall escape the funeral rites."

This life work of man, which does not die with his body, but survives in the impressions and influences which he has made upon his times and leaves for those who survive him, can not be accurately estimated, but still exists as a factor of human progress. And it is by what one thus accomplishes and not by mere longevity that one's place in current history is to be measured. WILLIAM H. COLE did not complete the term of threescore years and ten, specified as the ordinary period of human existence, but in his very prime of manhood was called away; and yet, in a life of less than five decades, he performed the labors and achieved the purposes which usually occupy the full complement of days from childhood to old age.

In many a sphere of public life he had been an arduous and

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willing worker, and had earned and obtained the encomiums of his fellow citizens. As deputy registrar of Baltimore, then chief clerk of the first branch of the city council, then for over ten years reading clerk of the Maryland house of delegates, he discharged all duties of those several positions with efficiency and diligence, so that in the general election of 1884 he was chosen to occupy a seat in this body, and he took his place as one of our number at the organization of this House in December, 1885.

It was not my privilege to know him until the last year of his life. I met him here as a member of the present Congress and of its Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. Well do I remember that on the first occasion of our meeting each other he tendered me a favor, which, small in itself, was enhanced by the genial warmth of the manner in which it was offered. In the sessions of the committee he was frank in expression, open-hearted and liberal in action, punctual in attendance as long as his health permitted, and unremitting in the discharge of every duty, where duty was frequently arduous and exacting. And in association with him in the committee-room, and in the House, one could not fail to realize those sterling traits of character which had secured him the confidence and support of his large and intelligent constituency, and had elevated him to the high trust of representing their rights and interests in the Halls of Congress.

Some spend their days traveling along the level plain of common-place, with a contracted horizon as a boundary of their vision and of their desires, and are content. Another seeks ever to rise above his surroundings and to climb to mountain heights, be they ever so rugged, even though it be simply to find his tomb among the cliffs, far above the wandering multitude below. It was the lot of our departed friend

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to aspire, and by dint of deserving honors to obtain them. And in the roll of the representative men of his native city the name of WILLIAM H. COLE will be remembered as that of a servant of the people, who has left behind, in a brief Congressional career of only a few months, the record of faithful and efficient service according to his opportunity, a service creditable both to himself and to his fellow-citizens. And what more can be said of any one? It is the tide taken at the flood that leads on to fortune; but, alas! the ebb-tide came to him in the midst of his voyage and swept him out into the great sea of eternity.

As I sat in the crowded church and listened to his pastor, who had ministered to him in holy things in his last hours, and when I heard the recital of his religious life, and that he had died, as he had lived, in the Christian faith, expressing unfaltering trust in God, and enjoying the solemn ordinances of His church, I felt that, far above all earthly honors attained by our lamented friend, was the enjoyment of a blissful hereafter, of which his life and death gave promise and hope. This immortality of the soul is well illustrated in the expressive language of the saintly prelate when he exclaims:

> O listen, man!
> A voice within us speaks the startling word,
> "Man, thou shalt never die!" Celestial voices
> Hymn it around our souls; according harps
> By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
> Of morning sang together, sound forth still
> The song of our great immortality.
> * * * * *
> The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth
> Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
> To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

And while the ashes of WILLIAM H. COLE rest in peace, we trust his soul is happy with the immortals.

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Address of Mr. SHAW, of Maryland.

Mr. SPEAKER: My deceased colleague, Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, was born at Baltimore, Md., on the 11th of January, 1837. He early in life adopted the law as a profession, and was enrolled as an attorney at the immature age of twenty. He went to Kansas shortly after, and was chosen a member of its Territorial Legislature. He graduated in medicines at the University of Louisiana in the year 1860, and in 1861 entered the confederate army as a private, but was soon promoted to be an assistant surgeon, and was assigned to duty with the Eighth Georgia Regiment. He served in all the campaigns of the war until the battle of Gettysburg, when he was left in charge of the wounded of Longstreet's corps.

When the war closed he returned to the city of his nativity, where he secured a position on the reportorial staff of several daily papers. He was reading clerk of the Maryland house of delegates four successive terms. In 1884 he was elected a member of this House for the Forty-ninth Congress. My acquaintance with him may be said to have commenced with the early days of its first session. Occupying, as I did, a seat by his side, I necessarily learned to know him well. He was an invalid when first we met, having been stricken with the disease which caused his death some time before he became a member of this body.

Though a martyr to pain and continuous suffering he was seldom absent from the sessions of this House until disease had so wasted his strength as to make it impossible for him to be here. His last appearance on this floor was to support the consideration of a measure which he regarded as of vital importance to the industrial prosperity of his country. Sick almost unto death, he would be carried from his carriage

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into this Hall to discharge what he believed to be an imperative duty. Duty with him was inexorable. When well-nigh exhausted by the ravages of a prolonged and fatal malady he laid his enfeebled body under tribute to this despot of his own making until hopelessly bankrupt in strength its drafts could no longer be honored.

No man ever strove harder or labored more incessantly to serve his constituents than he who is the subject of these remarks. He was always ready to aid the weak and the friendless, and ever on the alert for an opportunity to do a kindly act.

His chief ambition was to perfect a measure to lighten the burden that rests so heavily upon the bended shoulders of honest toil. Nor was this desire inspired by the arts of the demagogue, but rather by a sincere and earnest wish to benefit his fellow-men.

Himself of Celtic origin, the complaint of the Irish people appealed strongly to his sympathy and made him long to see Ireland numbered among the free and independent nations of the world. Any movement contemplating such a result found him a zealous advocate and a generous friend.

Whilst I never knew a more genial, kindly nature, he was the special friend of no one, but evinced a like devotion to the welfare of all, and loved his neighbor as himself.

I do not mean to say the deceased was a faultless man—perfection is not an attribute of our nature—and though he doubtless had his frailties, it will profit us only to recall and emulate his virtues, unmindful of whatever imperfections he may have had.

Of his domestic relations I am not informed and cannot tell, yet may we not infer that one who possessed so much kindness of heart must have made a happy home? But there is a supreme sorrow which even the imagination should

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respect, and I will not lift the veil which hides from the public gaze wounded and bleeding hearts.

Mr. Speaker, this occasion should admonish us of our immortality, and we do well to heed the admonition, remembering that whilst man may dominate the earth it was given to One alone to conquer death. Let us, then, undisturbed by the skepticism of the age, put our trust in Him who has said, "I am the resurrection and the life."

Address of Mr. WADE, of Missouri.

Mr. SPEAKER: There are many customs that make the world brighter and life better worth the living. That of the children of a family, after many years of separation, gathering at the old homestead to celebrate the golden anniversary of the marriage of their parents is one, and he who may be an honored guest upon such an occasion, seeing the affection of the children for their parents and an expression upon the old father and mother's faces indicating hearts overflowing with love for the children, will go away from that home with a better appreciation of life and its possibilities, a more exalted love for the Creator and His purposes. Strewing flowers on the graves of loved ones is another. The flowers are emblematical of the now pure spirit life of the departed. They speak in silent though eloquent language the affection in which the memory of the dead is held, and from a channel through which the holy influences of the better land may reach our hearts drive from them improper affections, and leave in their stead an influence that shall lead us when life's trials are ended to an eternal association with the pure and good.

The custom of the members of this House meeting to do honor to the character of a dead colleague and to pay a

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tribute of respect to his achievements and virtues is of like character. Through our representative character fifty million people are here, and a nation stands with heads uncovered to do honor to the memory of Dr. COLE. We are speaking to this great assembly; the young men of this country hear us; the words of praise and commendation spoken of our dead friend will inspire them, give an impetus to their ambition, impart a desire to be like him—honored because worthy, trusted because tried and not found wanting.

My acquaintance with Dr. COLE began when the committees of this Congress were appointed, and ended a few months later, when his failing health took him from the active duties of a member upon this floor. But, sir, it does not take years to learn the motives which inspire men's actions, to form an estimate of their character, to determine if they be worthy our confidence, entitled to our respect, fit objects of our love.

A single act, a few words spoken, even a look, often as clearly determine the character of men as great deeds done or volumes written in praise of their virtues. It was the way in which Dr. COLE did little acts of kindness to others and myself that attracted me to him, led me to a careful study of his character, the purpose he had in view, and the motives that governed his actions. I learned that he was ambitious, but that his ambition was of that character that seeks to benefit others while it elevated him; he was earnest in his labors to accomplish that which directly interested the people of his district, but he was equally as earnest in his efforts for the general good. In all his acts he seemed governed by a desire to deal fairly by others; to ask only what under the same circumstances he would be willing to give.

I was told by one of his personal friends that the ambition

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of the doctor's life was to represent his State in Congress. By the same person I was informed that he was a poor and friendless boy, and owed to himself whatever he had of education, influence, or position.

Sir, if you will point me to a man who, starting in life poor but with a laudable ambition, and who has achieved the full measure of that ambition, I am always willing to stand uncovered in that man's presence, even though that man's ambition had been to own only a cottage and ten acres.

Dr. COLE represented his district in Congress, and to me that was enough to entitle him to my respect, and I honor his memory, and sincerely regret that Providence removed him from a position he honored; and if he had lived I am sure his constituents would have demanded he should continue to occupy.

Dr. COLE loved Maryland and her people, and his devotion to both could no more fittingly be expressed than by quoting the language of the daughter of Moab:

Entreat me not to leave thee, for whither thou goest, I will go: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.

Address of Mr. GIBSON, of Maryland.

Mr. SPEAKER: While the arrows of death which have flown so thick and fast amid the ranks of the Forty-ninth Congress have robbed the councils of our country of many from other States with whom it was our happy fortune to meet, those of us from the State which I have the honor in part to represent are called upon to mourn the loss of a personal friend and colleague.

I knew WILLIAM H. COLE well. He was my friend and "his adoption tried." Of his early life I knew but little.

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My association with him has been since the war, when I first met him in the discharge of important trusts devolving upon him in the legislative body of his State.

Later, I knew him better in the pursuit of his chosen profession of journalism. He was an honored member of this honored profession. In this avocation, in addition to the faithful discharge of the duties devolving upon him, he found time to contribute much to a subject which, next to his devotion to the interests of his State and his own country, lay close to his heart, the cause of Ireland. Although born and reared on the soil of his honored Maryland, as his fathers were before him, he was a devoted friend of Ireland.

He was an enthusiast on the subject and was always to be found where the woes of Ireland were said or sung, and was ever ready with his voice to defend and his purse to alleviate the wrongs of the people whose cause he espoused.

He attended as a delegate all of the conventions, and was the secretary of the National Land League.

The first leisure time he could secure he went abroad for several months and spent the most of his time in Ireland, visiting every section of it, mingling familiarly with her people, studying her institutions, and imbibing her traditions.

This to him was indeed a labor of love.

He wanted to ascertain for himself what wrongs there were to be righted, and how best he could lift up the downtrodden, succor the poor, the feeble, and the oppressed, and secure as far as he might be able on his return to his own country the blessings of law, of liberty, and of order to the people toward whom his heart had gone out. In the death of WILLIAM H. COLE the friends of "home rule in Ireland" have lost a valuable ally, a fearless defender, and a faithful friend.

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He was an indefatigable worker. "What his hands found to do he did with all his might."

Those who knew our friend best knew how he was impelled by the very genius of work; that for him there was not "A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away," but, rather, his work claimed all seasons for its own. It was his highest ambition to come to Congress—to represent that portion of Baltimore City comprising his district, where he was born and lived, and where had been born and had lived his father and his father's father.

This was no recent aim of his life. It had been his boyhood's dream. It had long been his high and manly ambition to try his fortunes in this House, and when his people commended the chalice of exultant satisfaction to his lips, he was instant in season and out of season to show them he was worthy of them and of the honor they had done to him.

Time would fail me to recount his daily and nightly labors in and out of this House to advance the interests of his district. His presence in the House was of short duration, from March until May. His experience had not grown full-orbed as yet to measure himself with those of rounded experience in national matters.

But looking to this House as the forum of his efforts and its honorable commendation as the goal of his ambition, it might well be said of him that "the zeal of Thine house hath consumed me."

When the steed of opportunity came thundering down the avenue of time he was found booted and spurred, and vaulted into the saddle; but hardly had he time to know his courser's mettle "when dark-browed Care leaped up behind." For weary weeks did he bear with silent solicitude and noble reticence the consciousness of a painful and fatal malady; and all the while he sought to have those about

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him infer that his eye had not grown dim and that neither was his natural force abated.

Aye, Mr. Speaker, even when his weary feet could no longer measure their accustomed pace across these Halls, he was still fired with that indomitable spirit which thought it had accomplished nothing so long as anything remained to be accomplished. And so it was that, when he learned that a vote was to be taken on a measure of vital interest to the people of his district as well as to the nation, he caused himself to be carried to his seat in the House, although he knew the act might cause his death. He voted with his party on that occasion ; it was his last act for his constituents!

Tender hands conveyed him to his carriage, and I tried to speak words of hope and encouragement that my heart did not feel—of brighter days to come. "No, my friend! Farewell ; my last work here is done!" And so it was. Ere a week passed by he was dead. And so with his high chivalric sense of duty he died—"with all his harness on!"

Of his personal traits of character it were small worth to speak among those who knew him closely.

Kindly and courteous to all; at once dignified and unostentatious; slow to take offense and ready to forgive ; too much the gentleman to be otherwise than gentle; with delicacy of regard for the feelings of others; as sensitive as instinct, he moved on to the discharge of his obligations to his fellow man, as absolutely the impersonation of "Charity for all, malice towards none," as it has ever come within the scope of my observation of mankind to discover. May our labors in the vineyard bear kindred fruit.

When we, too, have borne the heat and burden of the day may we, like him, have somewhat of that—

Wherewith the reaper filleth his arms, and he that gathereth sheaves, his bosom.

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And so that for us, too, in the eventide there shall be light. And as we lay our burdens down, as our garments, may our "Nunc Dimittis" be chanted with the same calm trust, the same assured hope of immortality, which brought rest and peace to the well-spent life of WILLIAM H. COLE.

Address of Mr. McCOMAS, of Maryland.

Mr. SPEAKER: My acquaintance with my deceased colleague, Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, commenced after his election to this Congress, and I am admonished that in this brief hour, in the closing days of this session, when all here are pressed with anxiety and harassed with cares of legislation, whatever I may say of him must needs be brief.

Sprung from a race which for centuries has been wrongfully deprived of rule in his own country, and yet has had so large a part in the rule of ours, my colleague was by instinct fond of politics, its activity, its discussions, its excitement, and its varying fortunes in the controversy of elections; and when I recall that in less than a half century of lifetime he had been a practitioner of law, student of medicine, had spent years under arms on the side he espoused in the late conflict in our country, had filled several offices in the city of Baltimore and in the house of delegates at Annapolis, and finally reached the goal of his ambition—a seat in Congress—I cannot but regret that when he came here he was in feeble health, inadequate to perform the work which his generous and kindly nature suggested for the care of the individual wants of his constituents.

When I met him yonder on the other side of the House at the opening session of this now dying Congress the look of death was already on his face; and in the few months he

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was here the time only sufficed to give us knowledge of his kindly temperament.

What part he might have borne on this field there is no need now to speculate upon. Many months ago I, with others commissioned by this House to attend the funeral, followed his remains at the close of a July day to the beautiful cemetery where he rests; and looking back now I am confident that there remains for those who are near and dear to him, and for those who sent him to this Hall, a consciousness that the long procession of friends who gathered there in the church and on the highways of that great city, and crowded that cemetery, the great concourse of the plain people, who were attached to him and who followed him to do honor at his burial, made for him the best of eulogies.

When, on an important division in this Chamber upon the Morrison tariff bill, which excited great national interest, my colleague came here in defiance of the admonitions of his physicians and cast the last vote he ever cast, impelled to come by a sense of public duty, and then returned to his bed, whence he was carried to his grave, my colleague performed his last public act, and it was an honorable close to his brief career in Congress so untimely closed.

Address of Mr. HERMANN, of Oregon.

Mr. SPEAKER: It is not Maryland alone, sir, that mourns the death of her distinguished son and our late associate in the House. From that State on the extreme western confines of the Republic, three thousand miles away,

> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings,

I bring the sprig of acacia to plant upon the grave of WILLIAM H. COLE. From and for that far distant State, the home

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of my adoption, I ask the sad privilege to unite in doing homage to the memory of one so lately the honored Representative of my own native State.

When entering this Chamber for the first time I early sought his acquaintance, and at once became the recipient of his cordial welcome, the beneficiary of his ever-ready aid, and the gainer of valuable counsel as to the legislative routine of this body.

As our acquaintance ripened into intimacy, I became the confident of much of his lifework. The early assurances of his aid and influence I soon realized in the earnest attention which he bestowed on all matters of legislation which involved the advancement and prosperity of the great Pacific Northwest. In reviewing together the arduous labors of this body, with its cares and responsibilities, I can now recall many cheering words, many practical suggestions, and many precepts of wisdom and admonition uttered from those lips now forever immovable and listless.

I well remember his devoted attachment to the interests of his own constituents; how faithfully he worked and how fondly he talked for the commercial advantages of his State, the improvement of her water ways, the shortening and cheapening of transportation to her markets, and for the removal of every discrimination against the least cost of her industries. That he might add even a tithe to the aggrandizement of that grand old Monumental City—the place of his birth, and the home he loved so well—he was ready to forego his own happiness and his health.

No constituency, no people, ever had a more faithful toiler, a more jealous representative of popular rights, or a more sleepless sentinel on the watch-towers of the Republic. He assigned himself a task and assumed a work far exceeding the ability of any one person to accomplish. Ambitious for

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the approval of his constituents, he labored with unceasing energy to consummate his colossal plans. He encountered the usual vexatious delays incident in Congressional legislation.

At length his system could no longer comply with the demand upon it, and as day by day he hurriedly passed through these aisles his pallid face told of the conflict with pain and disease. Soon the measured tread, the haggard and despondent look, admonished us all that our comrade's legislative career was rapidly nearing its close.

A little later on his seat was vacant, his presence was gone, and he responded no more to the roll-call of this House.

In his rooms, surrounded by his family, and like a soldier with his mantle wrapped around him, he patiently and without a murmur tarried to respond to that other roll-call in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The crape upon the door, the flags at half-mast from the top of this Capitol, announced the sad story; and our companion was gone. His birth, his ancestry, his ambition, and the history of his life have been eloquently and well narrated by the voices of Maryland's Representatives here to-day.

As my own poor offering in tribute to the memory of my departed friend, I can not speak more fittingly than to refer to the one single element in his character—his kindness for his fellow-men. Though once a soldier in the Confederate ranks and a participant in some of the most sanguinary and long-contested engagements of the late war, his biographer can write long and truly of the numerous kind deeds at his hands for the suffering friend as well as foe on the field of battle.

Ardent and unflinching as a partisan, grateful and true to his political friends, he had a boundary beyond which he would not go even in answer to these obligations; he would

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not wrong a needy fellow. He was once earnestly entreated to aid in removing from office in my State the Republican incumbent, a lady and the widow of a Union soldier. A relative was an applicant for the position. He at once expressed his earnest and feeling disapproval of the effort, saying that he could never bring either his judgment or his heart to sanction the possible injury to the widow of a soldier. Of him it may be said as it is said of Ben Adhem in those enduring lines:

> I pray thee, then,
> Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.
> The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
> It came again with a great wakening light,
> And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
> And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

And as the angel in the Book of Gold wrote Ben Adhem's name, so let the records of his country write that of WILLIAM H. COLE—"he loved his fellow-men."

That he was a profound statesman or a great man in the usual acceptation his brief service in these halls did not disclose. And yet we know that he was a great man. It was that great and good jurist Sir William Jones, who once said:

> If I am asked who is the greatest man, I answer, the best; and if I am required to say who is the best, I answer, he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures.

In this respect our departed comrade was indeed a truly great man. His unwearied, persistent, and continuous labors in this Congress for the advancement of his State; his kind and uncomplaining attendance upon the incessant demands of soliciting friends and constituents; his generous and philanthropic nature; his ever-ready and open hand to the poor and the distressed, the widow and the orphan; and his devoted life as a son as well as a husband all attest the high qualities of the social man and the official Representative.

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If I were required to indicate what I conceived to be his greatest virtue, I should answer, his devotion and fidelity in friendship. This would seem to follow from the inherent qualities of his heart and mind.

> To thine own self be true;
> And it must follow as the night the day,
> Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

Of all men WILLIAM H. COLE was true to himself. He was greatest to those who knew him best. He believed that one who could betray a friend could prove false to his country, his family, and his God.

And when his epitaph shall be written may this crowning virtue be commemorated, may it be engraved in marble and perpetuated in letters of gold. And thus it is, sir, that in the State he loved and served so well they mourn for him.

Address of Mr. McMILLIN, of Tennessee.

Mr. SPEAKER: The solemn duty has again devolved on us of commemorating the virtues of one who died at his post in our midst. Again we are by an illustrious example admonished that our stay here at the best is but brief and its termination inevitable.

Dr. COLE, the distinguished citizen and Representative of Maryland, whose untimely death we are called to mourn, was born in that State in 1837. Like many of our American youth he determined at an early age to leave the home of his fathers and try his fortunes in the West. In that, as in everything else, he evinced self-reliance and a determination to succeed. Protected by the laws of his country and encouraged by its free institutions he had no fear for the future. Wherever he went his life was characterized by activity

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and indomitable energy. Selecting the medical profession, he graduated with distinction in one of the medical colleges of Louisiana; but having a political turn of mind, notwithstanding he was well equipped for his profession, he determined to seek a field more congenial, and chose that of journalism.

When, in 1861, the civil war broke upon the country he identified himself with the people of the South, and showed a readiness to sacrifice himself for what he conceived to be right. As a soldier he had dauntless courage, and never shrank from the post of duty. Returning from the war he took up his residence again in the State of his nativity. He accepted the results of the war without murmuring. What a grand commentary it is upon the patriotism of the people of the United States that those who so recently engaged in fratricidal strife and were so ready to take each others' lives, when the war ended vied with each other in efforts to make our Government and keep it all that its framers designed it should be. Who that has seen Dr. COLE on this floor will doubt either his patriotism or his willingness to make whatever sacrifice was necessary to maintain and perpetuate our glorious Government?

Dr. COLE continued in a journalistic pursuit, spending a portion of his time as clerk in the legislature of his native State. I remember well the first time I ever met him. It was in the contest of our present minister to France, Gov. Robert M. McLane, for the governorship of Maryland. Having been invited to participate in that canvass, soon after my arrival at Baltimore I met Dr. COLE and traveled with him during a good portion of the canvass. He then said to me that if I continued in Congress he would meet me here. He spoke with the assurance of a self-reliant man. It was his highest ambition to become a member of the greatest

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legislative body on earth, and he believed that a combination of intelligence, integrity, and industry would insure it. How well he calculated and how thoroughly he had the confidence of his people is shown by the fact that he was elected to the second Congress chosen after the conversation I have narrated.

It was my good fortune to draw a seat immediately in front of him, so that I knew him not only as a citizen, but as a Representative, and saw his every-day walk and heard his every-day conversation in the discharge of his duties; and I do no disparagement to others when I say that Maryland had no Representative who could exert himself more energetically and earnestly in the discharge of his official duties than did Dr. COLE. He was patriotic as a citizen, bold and fearless in his advocacy of the right as a Representative, and never tiring in the discharge of his duty. But it soon became evident that he was not long for this earth. Day by day he grew more pallid, and day by day became more feeble; but notwithstanding death had him marked, and he knew it, his spirits never flagged, nor did his resolution ever fail. He seemed to feel that for a public servant there was no better place to end life than at the post of duty.

I remember the last time he was in this Hall. It had been supposed that he could never be brought here; but an important measure came up—one that it was known would require every friend of the measure to secure its passage—a bill looking to the reduction of the taxation of the people. Although physicians protested and friends urged him not to take the risk, he was hauled to the House and brought up in time to cast his last vote. I remember approaching him and speaking to him, telling him how glad I was to see him able to be here. With a smile that showed that he feared not death and was not afraid to sacrifice his life in the

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discharge of duty he said that, "although his physicians regarded it perilous, he had resolved to come and risk the consequences." He was taken back to his sick bed, from which he never rallied. It is gratifying to be able to say that those who knew him best loved him most.

In the strenuous exertion he made to discharge his duty he was urged on by a confidence that even if injured in its discharge in this life, there was a life beyond, where faithful service was rewarded and where want of fidelity was punished. He had confidence that for him and for all who believed in the blessed Redeemer and kept His commandments here was a life eternal, where mortality should put on immortality, and where life should become an endless splendor.

Is it not sweet to think hereafter,
When the soul shall leave this sphere,
Love, with deathless wings, shall waft her
To those she long hath mourned for here?

Hearts from which 't was death to sever,
Eyes this world can ne'er restore,
There as warm, as bright as ever,
They shall meet to part no more.

Mr. Speaker, this Congress has lost an efficient and faithful member, his family its strong support, and his country an unselfish patriot.

Address of Mr. RUSK, of Maryland.

Mr. SPEAKER: In July, 1884, it was my privilege in the Congressional nominating convention of the district I now represent to place in nomination my predecessor, Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, referring to him as a man of experience and ability, who had been for many years a prominent figure in our political organization. Flushed with pride at the

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gratification of a long-cherished wish, he appeared before that convention in apparent health and full of manly vigor, giving promise of a long and useful public career.

But, sir, how frail are the ties that bind us to life; how futile our wishes and desires, and how dim our perception of the future; for hardly had his election been assured and his life-long hope gratified, than the strong, active man was stricken with disease; and although his strong mind and resolute will literally enabled him "to hold death at arm's length," and to remain at the post of duty until almost tottering on the verge of the grave, and his days were numbered his career was nearing its close, hastened no doubt by his assiduous devotion to what he considered his duty to his constituency.

And, sir, in less than two years from the time I placed him in nomination it was my sad duty, as a personal friend and a representative of our political organization, to attend in company with a great concourse of our citizens the obsequies of our late friend and Representative. With saddened hearts we bore all that was mortal of WILLIAM H. COLE out among the beautiful hills that surround our city, and as the summer sunset touched their summits with its parting rays of promise of another day, in beautiful "Bonnie Brae" we laid him to rest.

It seemed to us, limited as our perceptions are to our environment, that it was inexpressibly sad for this strong, good man to be taken from our midst, his career of honor and usefulness cut short—taken away from that hearthstone now cheerless from his absence, away from the fulfillment of those laudable ambitions which filled his heart with hope and gave strength to the enfeebled body even to the very day "when God's finger touched him and he slept;" sad that we should place him in the silent tomb, and, except to

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the few faithful hearts, the busy world go on as if he had not lived; but, sir, if we could look beyond this seeming sunset of his life, if we could catch the accents of that released and unburdened spirit, we might have heard the whisper, "It is well."

Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM H. COLE was a man of versatility and varied experience, of strong will and determination—this was his distinguishing characteristic. Born in Baltimore city, we find him in early manhood, after his admission to the bar, settling in Kansas, taking part in the fierce struggle in that State in 1857 and 1858. Later we find him in the civil war, casting his fortune with the Southern States, where his ability and courage gave him distinction.

After the war, returning to his native city, he entered the field of journalism, again winning distinction, in the mean while being called to positions of honor and trust in our city and State government, until he was chosen to represent our district in this House.

Mr. Speaker, WILLIAM H. COLE was essentially a man of the people. Every pulsation of his heart was in unison with their interests. Not an Irishman by birth, yet he was an honored officer of the Land League, one of the accredited representatives in its national organization. Not a workingman in the sense of performing manual labor, yet he was always welcomed at the deliberations of our workingmen and recognized as their true friend.

As a party man, while tolerant and respectful of the opinions of those honestly differing from him, yet he was filled with an honest zeal, which would not be repressed, for the success of his party. Whatever might be his individual disappointments in political matters, he never faltered in his allegiance to his party.

In the latter days of his life he arose almost from his death-

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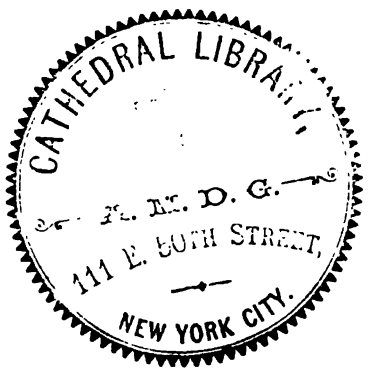
bed and came to this Hall to cast his vote for a measure which he deemed of great importance and promising the greatest benefits to his countrymen. Later on, as your last session was drawing to its close, he recognized that his end was fast approaching, and although it was hard to surrender up those fond hopes and ambitions, harder still to sever those heart ties which bound him to home and loved ones, yet without a murmur, "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," he awaited the summons which called him from time to eternity, from ceaseless pain to endless joy. Peace to his ashes. Honor to his memory.

Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions offered by my colleague [Mr. COMPTON].

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the House adjourned.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PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

July 8, 1886.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. T. O. TOWLES, its Chief Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of WILLIAM H. COLE, late a member of the House from the State of Maryland, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions of the House of Representatives will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound regret the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, late a Representative from the State of Maryland.

Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring), That a select committee, consisting of seven members of the House and three members of the Senate, be appointed to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to their place of burial, and the necessary expenses attending the execution of this order be paid out of the contingent fund of the House.

Resolved, That the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House be authorized and directed to take such steps as may be necessary for properly carrying out the provisions of these resolutions.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. GORMAN. I submit a series of resolutions and ask for their present consideration.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

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The Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has learned with deep regret the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, late a Representative from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That the Senate concur in the resolution of the House of Representatives providing for the appointment of a joint committee to take order for superintending the funeral and to escort the remains of the deceased to the place of burial, and that the members of the committee on the part of the Senate be appointed by the President *pro tempore*.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were considered by unanimous consent, and agreed to.

Mr. WILSON, of Maryland. As a further mark of respect for the memory of the deceased, I move that the Senate adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and the Senate accordingly adjourned.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
July 9, 1886.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore* appointed Mr. WILSON, of Maryland, Mr. KENNA, and Mr. MANDERSON the committee on the part of the Senate to take order for superintending the funeral of the late Representative WILLIAM H. COLE, of Maryland, and to escort the remains of the deceased to their place of burial.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
March 1, 1887.

Mr. GORMAN. Mr. President, I ask that the Chair lay before the Senate the message of the House of Representatives communicating the intelligence of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE.

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The PRESIDENT *pro tempore* laid before the Senate the resolutions of the House of Representatives; which were read, as follows:

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 28, 1887.

Resolved, That the business of this House be suspended that appropriate honors may be paid to the memory of Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, late a Representative in Congress from the State of Maryland.

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. COLE the country has sustained the loss of a patriotic citizen and a most faithful public servant.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House communicate these resolutions to the Senate.

Mr. GORMAN. I submit a series of resolutions, and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions submitted by the Senator from Maryland will be read.

The resolutions were read, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with deep sensibility the announcement of the death of Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, late a Representative in Congress from the State of Maryland, and tenders to the relatives of the deceased the assurance of their sympathy with them under their bereavement.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate be directed to transmit to the family of Mr. COLE a copy of these resolutions.

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Address of Mr. GORMAN, of Maryland.

Mr. PRESIDENT: In asking the Senate to consider resolutions in commemoration of the life and public services of the Hon. WILLIAM H. COLE, late a Representative from the State of Maryland, it is my privilege to bear testimony to the personal worth, the private character, and public services of one I have known intimately for many years.

The condition of the public business at this late stage of the session forbids any elaborate eulogy on any deceased friend, but it is my pleasure to be able to look back upon his life and find no failure of duty, no betrayal of trust; and to be able to say of him that in every position to which he was called the discharge of duty in a faithful, unobtrusive manner was the one object of his life.

As a member of the press of the city of Baltimore he brought to his work a well-cultivated and improved mind, an integrity of purpose, and a regard for the rights and character of others, which made him a most valuable contributor to the public journals of that city. His personal qualifications soon attracted attention, and he was selected for various public places; as reading clerk to the city council, and of the house of delegates he became familiar with legislative routine, and well fitted for the duties of Representative of the people in the Congress of the United States.

As a member of the House he devoted himself to the business matters of his constituents with the Government of the United States, preferring to serve in a useful way those who had honored him, than to attempt a more imposing *rôle*. And in that line of duty his immediate constituents have never had a more zealous, industrious, and indefatigable Representative.

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He applied himself with vigor and intelligence to every minute detail of the business of his constituents, and the records of the Departments of the Government will bear testimony that he left no duty unperformed and no trust unexecuted. Nor was his duty a light one; the proximity of his district to the capital of the country, and as a part of a large, prosperous city like Baltimore, brought more of the departmental work upon Mr. COLE than perhaps fell to the lot of any other Representative.

Under the severe strain of harrowing disease this duty was performed from day to day, but no bodily pain was permitted to interfere with its performance. This unselfish devotion to the business of his constituents won for him a more than political regard; it created a warm affection, which will cause his services to be long and affectionately remembered.

His election to the House of Representatives was secured by no brilliant public service; it was won by personal regard, by personal popularity, and by a feeling on the part of the people of his district that he had, in other positions of public trust to which he had been appointed, so faithfully discharged his duty that he deserved a reward of higher honor and more extended responsibility.

His private as well as his public life was without a blemish. He was a dutiful son, a faithful and affectionate husband, a kind and generous friend, as well as a worthy citizen.

It would give me a sad pleasure, Mr. President, to dwell longer on the virtues and usefulness of my deceased friend, but I know at this hour of the session public duty demands the sacrifice of some of that honor which the Senate would under other circumstances be glad to pay to the memory of a faithful, industrious member of Congress.

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The State has lost a good citizen, the district an earnest Representative, society a useful member, and a large circle of friends mourn the death of one near and dear to them.

Address of Mr. WILSON, of Maryland.

Mr. PRESIDENT: I had not the slighest expectation till just before the recess of the Senate this evening that I should be called upon to participate in these ceremonies. Although poorly prepared for the duty, I feel that I cannot properly decline its attempted discharge.

When I entered this chamber on the 19th day of March, 1885, to take the oath of office as a member of this body, the first man I saw was WILLIAM H. COLE, a Representative from my State in the other House.

I have often thought of the startled gesture of surprise which he involuntarily made when he first saw me, a pale, thin, haggard man, just arisen from a bed of dangerous and protracted illness. To me, small then did the chances appear that I would live as a friend to lament his death, and as a fellow Representative in Congress to lay a tribute upon his grave. To all outward appearance he was then a man of strong vitality, being of large frame and of superfluous flesh. But even then the insidious approaches of disease were undermining his health, and it soon became apparent that he was hastening to the grave.

Limited as we now are as to time, being in the last busy hours of an expiring Congress, I for one am not willing that we shall adjourn without a few words of respect towards an honest and worthy man, who died in the service of his country as a member of Congress. Better, far better that the custom of delivering eulogies upon deceased members should forever

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cease than that any one of such a class should be remitted by us to an unhonored and unforgotten grave.

Sir, Dr. COLE was to me a comparative stranger. I had not often met him before the beginning of the present Congress. His health was so poor during the first year of its duration that our opportunities for social or business intercourse was quite limited before disease laid its hand upon him so heavily as to hold him a prisoner in his home.

But what I had been permitted to see of him fully prepared me to believe what others in the spirit of intimate acquaintance and of friendship have said of him, that he was a man of an unselfish nature, strong devotion to duty, generous and steady friendship, open-hearted charity, genial and kindly disposition, strong convictions, and indomitable energy.

Those who knew him most intimately thought that his great power of will actually staid the progress of disease and the arrival of the mortal hour. However this may be, it is certain that this strong trait of character, which lies as much at the foundation of human greatness as even great abilities, bore him steadily on to the goal of his ambition, a seat in Congress.

Fortunately for the success of this dream of his earlier life, after his return to Maryland at the close of the war, he embarked in the honorable profession of journalism. With the exception of the law (and it sometimes seems as if it might in time even outstrip that noble calling) no other profession is better calculated to fully equip an ambitious man for success in the political world than that of a journalist. From it have already sprung some of our ablest, most successful, and useful public men.

It will inevitably prove a more and more potent factor in controlling and shaping the destinies of the civilized world.

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It must be the devout wish of every patriot's heart, that, fully knowing their power for weal or woe to their country and to mankind, the members of this noble profession will strive for a lofty ideal in their high calling, and will continually aim to keep up at a high standard that statesmanship which is becoming day by day more and more linked with their own aims and aspirations.

Dr. COLE'S connection with journalism was, no doubt, the stepping-stone for him to a seat in Congress. But just there the fell destroyer cut short his career, leaving him no room, but for a short time, to show his great zeal and untiring devotion to the interests of his State and of his immediate constituents. As he was devoted and true in every other relation of life, so he was in that one upon which depends more than upon all others the happiness of our race, that of a husband and head of a family. And as such devotion deserved, he was blessed with a partner in his joys and in his sorrows whose pleasure and pride it ever was nobly to cheer and help him onward in all his efforts and aspirations.

Mr. President, I move the adoption of the resolutions offered by my colleague.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to, and the Senate adjourned.

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